THE COMMONWEAL

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CHEERS FOR GLOOM

IF A CHEMIST were to analyze the content of public psychology, he would doubtless come upon a variety of interesting and some mysterious elements. Among them would be, one feels relatively certain, the high vitamin content of a sense of misfortune. Periods of intense general decline induce a certain uncanny satisfaction, no doubt designed to aid in the process of bucking up, but frequently, in practice, put to false and strangely pleasurable uses. Thus a journalist reports that an obese and forlorn-looking gentleman was seen rubbing his hands with glee in front of a great Berlin bank when that was forced to close. Elderly people are sometimes accused of feeling certain that the present epoch is very decadent—and of enjoying that feeling immensely. Just now a measure of this odd addiction to cheers for gloom is discernible among Christians. A Protestant clergyman was speaking, not long ago, to an audience of women about the dissolution of religious energy in our time. Suddenly he became aware that his listeners, all of them truly pious souls, were getting real contentment out of the dismal recital!

The present hour is burdened with problems which fill the Catholic mind and heart with grave concern. Unsettlement in the social order—which is, very likely, first of all unsettlement in the moral order—has brought to the surface hidden streams of injustice and embittered frenzy which run down the stock revolutionary channels to points hitherto unreached. Whereas heretofore modern rebelliousness was based, at least in theory, upon the defense of human rights against the encroachments of authority, our contemporary struggle is between authorities. The alignment is curiously like what it was during the early middle ages, with one notable difference. Then the Church may have seemed —whatever the actual facts may have been—the abrogator of privileges to which state and individual could lay claim. Now the definitively modern state, the government which expresses one form or other of syndicalism whether capitalistic or proletarian, is not interested in rights. It is the Church that appears as the powerful advocate of rights—indeed, as virtually the sole sponsor in our time of the doctrine that rights actually exist. Hence the remarkable phenomenon that what abides of liberalism in contemporary society feels more and more strongly that Catholicism is its ally, all cleavages and differences to the contrary notwithstanding.

This situation implies that the Church is powerless

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in the concrete sense. While in former ages it could rely upon the might of states which recognized its jurisdiction, while as late as 1870 it could appeal in some measure to military strength, it is today entirely without any force other than spiritual. To be sure it still possesses certain economic resources, but these are easy targets for revolution. All this is as plain as day. When a Lithuanian potentate develops a personal grudge against a churchman, he can proceed to act against religion with relatively little danger. When a governor of Vera Cruz decides that the people over whom he rules must learn to do without the Mass and the sacraments, he makes a law and sets out to enforce it with brutality and murder. When Spanish radicals wish to burn down a few churches, there is no Catholic force to be despatched against them; and Spain as a whole is the most striking example of how quickly the Church, which in the immediate past was only a public corporation, may be stripped of even its elementary privileges.

It is not surprising that under such conditions a measure of profound dismay should afflict many. No thoughtful person can help being deeply alarmed not merely by the disavowal of age-old ecclesiastical privileges but also by the trend to destroy personal and corporate freedom within national societies. Overly much emphasis used to be placed on the individual; today that individual is slowly but steadily disappearing. Catholics today are the official minority in virtually all states. And to not a few it must seem as if, in many parts of the world, the day of minorities was numbered. But though this is a serious trend which incites grave reflection, it is by no means a reason for indulging in the species of pleasant gloom emphasized above.

After all, where is the Church? Not in the catacombs, whence its finest are dragged each morning to their martyrdom. And not either, like Martha at Bethany, occupied with a lot of extraneous business. Richelieu was a churchman, but he might just as well have been something else. We have suffered no great loss since his job was turned over to M. Briand. The Church is at a point from which, if we all really take a deep breath, advance in the only sense that counts may be amazing. If each and every single Catholic stopped taking a daily plunge into gloom because of events in Spain and Mexico and said just one prayer, did just one good deed, more than usual every morning, the sum-total in a generation would be astounding. In the city of Cologne, where depression and political radicalism have naturally been rampant, someone sponsored the idea of a pilgrimage to an old and somewhat neglected shrine. Five thousand men responded to the invitation; and when, a little later, a manifestation of homage to the Blessed Virgin took place in a public square of the same city, fifteen thousand men gathered. These were most of them hard-working folk who would not have answered a political summons. They wanted prayer, faith, the sense of comradeship with God. Symptoms in many places indicate that a similar development is taking place in all parts of the world. The truly positive, the abiding, the spiritual energies of the Church were never more alive than now. And if we stop to think of what these energies might effect if expended by millions of persons in single, quiet acts of charity, some impression of the stupendous dimensions of Catholic action will be left to inspire both new confidence and a freshly humble awareness of God.

WEEK BY WEEK

RELATIVE quiet characterized international activities during the past week. If one can credit foreign despatches, Germany has settled down to the effort of trying to pick a way out of economic chaos. Rumor declares that the Reich's industries are at last willing to back the Chancellor rather than diverse forlorn-hopers like Hitler. The French and the British have shuffled back and forth over plans to dam up the gold drain from London; and the bankers of New York (see the National City Bank's August bulletin) have absolved themselves of all responsibility in the recent crisis. Meanwhile the financial and general business situation is no whit better than it was, but everybody has quieted down a little regarding it. That means at least a breathing spell until the next crisis. The lull gives the United States an opportunity to estimate the prospects for the coming winter. Reckoning with a record total of unemployed, the government has angled for Red Cross assistance in tiding the nation over until spring. Some insight into existing conditions is afforded by such reports as that milk consumption in New York City is a million and a half quarts below normal. Thus the world joins hands in sharing privation and enforced frugality. Would that this community feeling were preliminary to more real community coöperation!

Calm and Dignified

THERE is a fairly unanimous feeling that union wage scales will, in the long run, succumb to the depression along with salaries, dividends and earnings. To date, however, few earnest blows have been struck at those scales. The federal Department of Commerce, through Secretary Lamont, averred last week that some industries were faced with the prospect of closing down altogether or of seeking to enforce temporary wage reductions. But immediately thereupon the administration let it be known, through the spokesman for the President, that its attitude toward the problem had remained unchanged. This firmness was even underlined with a bit of profanity. Meanwhile United States Steel has reduced its common-stock dividend, slashed salaries, but maintained its wage scale. Unionized railroad employees have met to declare opposition to any diminution of

Wage Cuts and the Administration

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the pay check, stating that the great majority of transportation workers have been poorly enough remunerated for their toil. Such news tells its own story. We ourselves believe that one major cause for the severity of the current depression in the United States was failure, during the era of prosperity, to distribute a larger share of the profits among the workers. But whether the effort of organized labor to gobble the whole of the present rise in real wages—i.e., the current increase of the purchasing power of nominal wages—is socially beneficial remains a dubious matter.

BUYING power is after all the only factor in the situation capable of effecting improvement. This power affects labor as well as commodities. Industries may lower the dividend rate and conserve a wage scale without thereby improving the general social position. For, especially in the case of corporations whose stock is widely distributed, the dividend is purchasing power unadulterated; and again, the total amount of labor actually employed or demanded is likewise characterized by the manner in which it is distributed. If 100,000 people work at a figure which enables them to purchase necessities, the total economic result at a time like this may be better than if 50,000 work for pay which creates a savings-bank balance. Analysis of a number of more or less "protected" industries—notably public utilities—shows that dividends and wage scales have been maintained, but by laying off men and maintaining rates. This means that the burden has been shifted to the consumer, who pays more though the bill remains nominally the same, but that the number of consumers has declined. A similar analysis of the labor market would probably show that the public which is in a position to "consume" labor itself has far less buying power, while the pay demanded by labor remains just as high. We do not imply that these facts are reasons justifying a reduced wage scale for union workers. Such a reduction might, indeed, prove costly and disadvantageous. But we do hold that maintenance of this scale has nothing whatever to do with a plan to ameliorate the existing depression.

WAIVING the evidence with which we are so abundantly supplied at home, testimony has come from abroad that national prohibition does not prohibit. We have already described for our readers the situation in Finland, which seems practically indistinguishable (save for the names of the rum-runners) from the situation here. Now the argument has been completed, by a new set of facts demonstrative that a nation addicted to strong waters may turn to temperance or to relative temperance of its own accord, instead of being dragooned into it by an officious legislature. No one will say that Scotland has been a country temperamentally inclined to sobriety: immemorial tradition has made one think of the Scots' whisky and oatmeal almost as one thinks of the Olympians' nectar and ambrosia. If the Scotch have really elected, of their own spontaneous social will, to put their trust in oatmeal alone, it means something. And that is what the Royal Commision on Licensing declares they have done, though not precisely in those words. The formal report finds general drunkenness decreasing, drinking habits more and more regulated by decorous public opinion, and (alas, America!) "a younger generation growing up [we quote from the news account] to which as a whole any resort to alcoholic excess [is] almost totally unknown." The growing prevalence of sports, motor trips, etc., is chiefly credited.

Oatmeal Alone

AFTER a year's toil, Dr. Adelaide Case of Teachers' College announced that a survey of more than a thousand youngsters between six and twelve revealed the existence of a vast amount of religious prejudice and ignorance. We have not seen the evidence, but in all truth there is nothing very surprising or reprehensible in the samples from it quoted in the press. If 1,000 children were asked to tell what they knew about Indians, baseball players and pianos, their answers would probably manifest quite the same lack of knowledge and judgment. These children sum up matters very concretely. They see that Jews eat mazoth and a good deal of fish; that Catholics say their rosaries and bless themselves with holy water; that Protestants enter into a close alliance with big black Bibles. They pick up vivid bits of parental conversation, get lasting impressions from pictures in newspapers, and observe their companions doing something or other that is relatively unusual. All this affords an interesting glimpse of popular psychology, on the basis of which education must slowly and laboriously erect a superstructure of doctrine and information. The rudiments of the last are already discernible in Dr. Case's documents. That a little Jew should think of Protestants as creators of the Klu Klux Klan is natural; that a little Protestant should first of all be impressed by the Pope is understandable. We would have guessed as much. It is the inevitable result less of prejudice than of catch-words, headlines, pictures, muddled thinking. It is directly in line with what experience and experiment have told us regarding the religious mentality—we may say the mentality in general—of American adults.

Prejudice in the Kindergarten

THE SENTENCING of Lord Kylsant, giant of the British mercantile marine, to a year's imprisonment for the falsification of accounts in a prospectus sent to investors and prospective investors, was indeed a stirring picture of British justice. The six-foot-seven-inch former chairman and managing director of the Royal Mail, Lamport and Holt, and White Star lines combine, a "typically" English figure as he was led off to Wormwood Scrubs prison

Backbone of Business

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in frock coat and high silk hat, was adjudged to have been guilty of practices which were in the border region between strict equity and downright dishonesty. His sins were sins of omission; he failed to reveal certain accounts which were the sources of dividends when his companies actually were not paying their way. He and his friends feel that he was within the bounds of honesty and that his actions were those of business expediency for which he had executive authority. A jury, symbol of impartial and disinterested judgment, after a careful instruction by the judge in scarlet robes and wig, decided that he had overstepped the line. Perhaps the deciding point was stated by the judge when he told the jury: "If it became known to the world that the balance sheets of English companies could not be relied on, it would be a very serious thing for this country." Severe, but prompt, carefully reasoned and fully explained, this sort of justice perhaps accounts for a statement made by Chancellor of the Exchequer Snowden in the House of Commons on the same day as the sentencing of Lord Kylsant: "London is still the best market in the world for foreign investments." Not only does honesty pay, but so also does prompt justice. We might tighten our belts on this, and go in for something a little more practical than the circumlocutions and academic viewings with alarm of the Wickersham Committee.

To the Courts with Him!

REPATRIATION of literary citizens who have run abroad in a huff seems to be one of the causes served by the *Hound and Horn,* America's limited-edition monthly. At any rate, an effort was made to lure Mr. Ezra Pound hitherward again after an extended and unfriendly absence. The results are published in the magazine's summer number, in the form of an epistle from Mr. Pound. Gangsters, hostesses, one-eyed bootleggers and politicians who run up telephone bills are all, the poet avers, not to his liking. The lower life is, he says wisely, the less talking points it can claim as literary real estate. But there are other and more important matters. Mr. Pound calls down a lusty curse on a nation "that spends millions interfering with people's diet" but won't give a penny with a hole in it to "support a single printing press which will print stuff that people like me want to read." To be sure, there are plenty of endowments, but the "academic eminences" in control of them are, according to Mr. Pound, much better prepared to judge a copper mine or advertising copy than to tell a first-class painter or writer from a policeman. Under the circumstances we shall probably be prevented from asking Mr. Pound out to lunch this summer. For even if he did change his mind and venture over, it is inconceivable that diction of the character noticed above should escape the notice of the courts. These would certainly be justified in believing that a man with that kind of "outlook" could hardly be counted upon to make a satisfactory buck private.

Dolce Far Niente

A LIFE much happier than ours, in a country that, while ours and most others on the globe are suffering from the disorders of extreme industrialization, has relatively no business depression and no unemployment problem—this indeed is a pleasant picture. It is rather a surprising one, too, considering that the subject is Mexico, which enterprising journalists have pictured to us largely in convulsive attitudes. This, as we and many others have remarked, is an unavoidable characteristic of news, that it must deal with the violent, and usually with the exceptional, while the large placid averages are forgotten. For instance the present persecutions of the clergy in the state of Vera Cruz and the struggles there of priests to preserve, not their own lives—that would simply be a matter of running away—but the life of the spirit of their flocks: these, the more violent, the better news they are, the bigger the headlines. Meanwhile the peaceful communities, the millions of men and women who are able quietly to go their ways, to pray in sanctuary, to lift up their eyes and their thoughts to the altar of God, to behold images in honor of, and as reminders of, the heroically faithful, the heroically hopeful, and the heroically charitable—these according to common journalistic standards are not news. The peculations of politicians, the most florid and belligerent statements, are also favored news subjects, and necessary as this may be, it inevitably gives a false weight of evidence, a false emphasis to the total impression of readers remote from the scenes described and dependent on daily journalism for all they know of another country and people.

THE IMPRESSION created by Stuart Chase's book "Mexico," to which we have referred, is therefore doubly pleasant. In it he has avoided the easy bid for attention of being sensational, and has achieved something far more appealing and convincing. Though Mr. Chase sometimes indulges in reducing all of man's multifold relations to social theories that are pink pastilles, he is on the whole fair and balanced, and when he is reporting and not theorizing, can have an eye for the rich variety of human nature. He is of course, not infallible, and in our review columns we shall be able to give a more detailed estimate of our agreements and reservations. He speaks, for instance, of the political power of the Church in Mexico as being broken, "perhaps for all time." This may or may not be true in a limited sense. Where he fails in his balance here is in not acknowledging to the influence of the Church a power intrinsic in the very thought of the Mexicans he describes, and superior to politics. The average Mexican town, Mr. Chase says, produces just enough to fill the wants of the natives, "only what they specifically need to cope with their environment, their houses, clothing, utensils, and little more. In the average American town of 4,000 persons there are about 200 distinct occupations. In the typical Mexican

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town of the same size there are about twenty-five occupations, and the machine age requires far more skilled labor than the era it replaced." Average American business men he pictures returning from Mexico puzzled. "These people, they say, are lazy, shiftless, improvident. They must be taught to want more things, they must be taught the value of money." Into this Eden of handicraft and *dolce far niente,* however, there seems little likelihood of such invasion.

MEN WITHOUT LAND

IN THE midst of the present international and domestic disorders, there have been endless analyses which demonstrate causes. These have had the convincingness of statements of marshaled fact. Suggestions of remedy for the disorders, however, have invariably sprung from facts into theory. This is an inevitable difference between the past and the future. Whether we shall some years hence live under the dispensation of Communism or the encyclicals on social order of Popes Leo XIII and Pius XI is problematical and may be argued to either conclusion from fairly convincing grounds of existing fact. But for both conclusions there seems to be a premise in common, that unrestrained individualistic capitalism is suicidal.

Eminent economists, not the least among whom is Dr. John A. Ryan of the Catholic University, have demonstrated that in the industrial order the gradual accumulation of wealth, or purchasing power, into the hands of a few results in a Midas feast. Great plant capacities are developed through the segregation and investment of capital, enormous production achieved—and the system breaks down. Figuratively the world starves. Even the owners of capital see their resources worse than useless—giant, senseless Frankensteins eating their heads off in overhead.

From another side we have been presented with distressing evidence that a similar operation of unrestrained capitalism has been going on with obvious detrimental effects to all society, including the capitalist himself. This is contained in one of the latest census bulletins, and states that 42.4 percent of the farms in the United States today are operated by tenants. The results clearly show that under an individualistic capitalist system, there is a steady and relentless accumulation of the means of life in the hands of a few. In spite of prodigals on the one side who scatter their inheritance, and in spite of the examples of individuals on the other side who start from scratch economically and rise to great wealth, the power of money to make money, and under capitalism the inevitable power of the greater sum of money to earn more than the lesser and thereby, by a kind of biological process of cell absorption, gradually to eat up the lesser, goes on in the main. The accretion of unearned increments, permits the acquiring of further properties and further increments. The Census Bureau supplies the evidence that this is so in spite of all the highly propagandized controlling factors, which may control particular instances, but which do not, or have not so far, affected the main tendency. The number of tenant farmers in the United States, the census reveals, was 25.6 percent in 1880. In 1890, it was 28.4 percent; 35.3 percent in 1900; 37 percent in 1910; and 38.1 percent in 1920. The latest increase is the greatest in any ten-year period since 1890-1900, when a special condition was created by the virtual exhaustion of free land for homesteaders.

No less amazing than the figures are in themselves, is the suggestion of the Census Bureau as to why the situation should not be viewed with alarm. Of course the function of government bureaus of being optimistic at all costs is becoming so ludicrously familiar that it should not, except in extreme cases, cause amazement any more. This, however, seems to us an extreme case. The old American vision of freemen is suavely discarded for the old, and practically discarded, English vision of a plutocracy. The reversal bears many reflections that there is not space here to go into. A sound type of agriculture with the right system of leases, is the possibility that the bureau hopefully suggests. England, where 90 percent of the land is operated by tenants, is envisaged as an excellent example of what can be done. What England herself today would say to this naive remark, would be amusing, were it not so serious, to think on. What the English landlord himself thinks on it as he struggles under the burden of taxation which has been imposed in that country to avert starvation stalking through the land, would perhaps amaze the census writers as they amaze us. As for what the Distributists would say!

The grave social menaces which the Census Bureau has the temerity to point out before it goes off the deep end, are that a renter of land is likely to be interested primarily in immediate returns without regard to permanent care for the soil, and short-term, uncertain tenancy tends to develop a class of farmers unwilling to contribute to schools and roads and such social improvements, that are of prime consideration to farmers settled on their own lands.

These are matters of importance to Americans, to patriots, and it is our brand of optimism to believe that patriots do exist in our own day. We do not believe with the bureau that if we only accept what is and smile, and look for the silver lining however it pours, everything will be peaceful and lovely. There are too many signs in every day's newspaper, that even were we willing to accept this dulcet attitude, a great many others are not. Vigorous, intelligent social action which will write a chapter as memorable in history as the granting of the Magna Charta or the Declaration of Independence is needed. Our social program is of course that of the Pontiffs' encyclicals which we do not cease to recommend to the consideration of all thinking men of good-will. Our faith in God and in country is that the wisdom will be granted us that will avert class warfare and chaos.

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CAMPAIGN CASH ABROAD

By GERHARD HIRSCHFELD

In Europe, too, politics are not conducted on an empty stomach. While Americans have earned universal fame as people who spend money lavishly in order to get into office, many a Continental statesman need not migrate for instruction in the matter. In the following paper Mr. Hirschfeld presents and analyzes some pertinent facts. We consider them valuable for the light they throw on much of what is occurring abroad at the present moment. Once again it is demonstrated that nationalistic economics inevitably promotes the growth of nationalistic politics and programs.—The Editors.

LIKE their American brethren, the European political cartoonists embellish the world press with their imaginative creations and wield a powerful force in molding public opinion. Years ago, they visualized Uncle Sam as a gangly-legged figure in a stove-pipe hat, with a goat's beard, and a money bag in each hand. Today, they have perfected a new stock figure. His jaw is brutal; his beady eyes glint with avarice. In one pocket is a bottle of bootleg whisky, from another the dog-eared ends of ill-gotten gains protrude, in a third bulks large a revolver. In contrast, France is still limned as a coy, bashful maiden, wooed by the money bags of Goat-beard Sam or ravaged by the financial lust of the brute with the bulky bank-roll. Britain remains John Bull, red-faced, tight in the breeches and fearfully, tragically honest and "honorable." Germany remains stodgy and phlegmatic, bullet-headed and absolutely without guile, and so on.

It is obvious that in America there is an affinity between politics and money. It is also well known that if Europe is not worse than America, it certainly is no better. If the Old World is not brutal in business, egotistical in purpose and successful in scheming schemes, it is not for want of trying. And if her judges and parliamentarians and police are looked upon as paragons of virtue, the political cartoonists have succeeded, and nothing more.

It would seem a matter of fairness and justice to throw light upon some developments that go on behind the political scenes and schemes of Europe. It would seem as if Europe has too long regarded with paternal amusment the slips and sins of youthful America. She seems to overlook her own lack of rectitude. Her politicians, often rotten to the core, but with a veneer of respectability, pose as statesmen. Her financiers simulate fear of American avarice.

New York, today, is shocked to learn of the framing methods used by police in dealing with prostitution cases, and England is splashing this latest example of American "corruption" all over its front pages. Yet I remember when in London a few years ago I saw a dozen bobbies—those upstanding minions of the law who are pointed out to gaping tourists as the finest existing specimens of humanity—haled into court with their superiors for accepting money for protecting bawdy houses along Greek Street and similar purlieus in the section of Soho.

Europe, it seems, is more adept at glossing these things over than America, possibly the result of long practice. A scandal in Britain or France is a scandal for a day or two, and then conveniently forgotten. This is as true of the Hatry affair as it is of the many corrupt schemes which go on beneath the dignified and straight face of John Bull.

Americans may kowtow to a titled Britisher, but only in isolated cases would they bother to find out whether his high-sounding prefix was inherited, conferred for meritorious action or handed out on a platter in exchange for services rendered a political party. Americans are prone to forget that although the *Court Gazette,* in its charming phraseology, may still report that His Majesty King George was "graciously pleased" to confer some title or honor upon one of his subjects, all the monarch actually does is to go through the motions. Recipients of British honors are selected by the Cabinet ruling the country at the time.

In France, there is a Union des Intérêts Economiques, an organization which, shielded by an imposing name, has its money-laden fingers in more than one political pie. It was founded by one Senator Billiet back in 1919. He obtained the support of many of France's most powerful manufacturing interests. They joined with him for the apparent purpose of setting the political stage to suit themselves.

The Billiet machine was operating like clockwork in the fall elections of 1919. Its war chest at that time totaled some 30,000,000 francs—a fund most organizations would be unlikely to sneeze at. With this strong weapon, amassed during the first few months of its existence, the new Union set about systematically bowling over any interests opposed to its backers. The money was used to subsidize candidates who, in turn, gave assurance of their whole-hearted support, if elected, to a tariff, a tax or some social policy favorable to the commercial interests of the industrial giants behind M. Billiet. Nothing could have been more obvious than this moneyed meddling in politics, yet, from the European point of view, it seemed quite all right.

Election to the French Chamber of Deputies by any but independently wealthy men or those with the backing of interested organizations such as Billiet's body, is a very hard if not impossible task. Although not generally known, it is a fact that Socialist candidates for office cannot go through a campaign without an expenditure of between 15,000 and 20,000 francs. It costs other candidates more than this. Bourgeois party

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men have to reckon with some 40,000 or 50,000 francs expenditure, either because their constituents expect more in the way of free wine, beer and less comestible hand-outs or because their seats are more hotly contested. The newspaper *L'Intransigeant* published, some time ago, an illuminating list revealing the vocations of candidates for a single mandate during the elections of May, 1928. This roster shows 385 lawyers, 266 journalists, 225 laborers, 186 farmers, 128 industrialists, 67 merchants, 98 railway employes, 41 post-office workers and 7 ministers, all fighting for a single seat. The industrialists might have been able to pay their own way through the muck of pre-election graft and gratuities. The lawyers, too, and perhaps the merchants. But one naturally wonders how many of those journalists, farmers, railway brakemen and letter carriers were able to put up their 20,000 or 50,000 francs without the help of some sort of political organization.

Too much money, even in French politics, can sometimes be as harmful as not enough. A member of the Rothschild family spread largesse with such a lavish hand that he was accused of having bought his tiny majority from the voters. His election was declared invalid. M. Coty, more sucessful in perfume than in politics, failed for the same reason.

Americans bounce and roll on the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Railway, paying through the nose for accommodations, without realizing that this organization's tremendous political power enables it to exercise a complete monopoly. The Oustric affair, which resulted in the collapse of the Tardieu government and very nearly ruined the London disarmament conference, is an interesting case. The juggler in this instance was Albert Oustric, at one time a shoemaker and more recently a waiter. Trying poker methods in governmental high finance, Oustric, with the help of friends in parliamentary circles, pyramided a few thousand francs in baccarat winnings to the monumental total of $58,000,000. When the crash came, and Oustric's bank failed with huge losses to investors, M. Henri Cheron, Minister of Finance in the Tardieu Cabinet, submitted his resignation, confessing he "could not in his official capacity deny advice to this man Oustric." It is said that not less than thirty-four deputies, some secretaries and at least two high government officials were involved to some extent with the inflation gambles and wild speculations of the ex-waiter who climbed to the top of France's financial pyramid with such dramatic swiftness, and then slid ignominiously down the other side.

In Germany, again, it seems, money can be found for political purposes when to all intents and purposes there is none. Captain Ehrhardt, the redoubtable financial genius of the Kapp "Putsch," in 1923 obtained from the city of Nuremberg alone $20,000 for the support of Adolf Hitler's ill-starred "march on Berlin" which started in a beer-cellar and ended in jail. And this at the end of an inflation period when every single dollar was worth not merely millions but actually billions of paper marks.

Hitler was placed near the topmost rung of the political ladder by a financially impoverished Germany, with 6,500,000 votes—cast for the most part by newly-enfranchised youngsters with paltry incomes or no jobs at all. He vowed that the Krupps, the Thyssens and the Kirdorffs, the Mannesmanns, the Borsigs and the Siemens (who are the Garys, Schwabs and Mellons of Germany) should be stripped of wealth and power. It is from the ranks of the heavy industries, however, that Hitler is drawing much of the money which is making German Fascism something to be reckoned with. Hitler receives considerable support from the heavy industries of Bavaria where he started the Fascist movement. The Borsig Works and the Verein der Eisenhuettenleute (Association of Iron Forgers and Founders) are important pillars of the Fascist structure. From the machine industry of Württemberg and from many other branches of the iron and steel industries marks flow into his bulging coffers. In addition, money has come from abroad. Swiss friends sent him 330,000 francs just before last year's elections. Baron von Bissing, the university professor, collected many thousands of florins in the Netherlands, for the support of the National-Socialist movement. German-American friends expressed their sympathy in dollar bills, and the Czech industrialists leaped upon the chance of betting a dime in the hope of winning a dollar. The influential von Duschnitz, von Arthuber and even directors of the French-controlled Skoda-Works, famous in the manufacture of armaments, may be found among Hitler's supporters.

Is it political altruism that prompts executives and managers of plants, mines and factories in industrial Germany to range themselves behind Hitler? Are Fritz Thyssen and the others above juggling with politics, or are they among the Hitler supporters because they like the cut of his moustache? Do former Kaiser Wilhelm and the Crown Prince contribute to the Fascist cause because this man promises, for ever and for aye, to maintain Potsdam as a museum instead of an imperial palace?

No, altruism bears no responsibility. All those who are backing Hitler are doing so with the hope of gaining what they lost when Germany plunged off the brink at the end of the war. They want no truck with the Communists nor the internationalists nor the pacifists, who can only damage their cause. If, however, the Hitler boom or the Ludendorff "Putsch" or the Kapp revolution hold some likelihood of being profitable fruit in the way of staving off Bolshevism or ending labor troubles or possibly restoring the monarchy, a good deal of industrial support is assured.

For solid proof of this industrial influence in German politics, the roster of Reichstag deputies offers convincing material. During the legislative period of 1924 to 1928 there were no less than sixty-nine parliamentarians who viewed the business of government

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as a spare-time, profit-making proposition. Their principal activities were as members of directory boards of some 269 companies.

Translated into dollars and cents, the rise of Fascism is easy to understand. The Socialists, for example, somewhat lacking in financial support, can spend only $.13 per vote. The Hitlerites, with the big guns of German industrial interests behind them, can spend $.75. Putting two and two together, we arrive at 107—the number of Fascist deputies in the Reichstag at the time when Hitler, or rather the followers of Hitler, staged their theatrical walkout a few months ago.

Even in this necessarily brief résumé of the Homeric epic of finance in German politics, the name of Dr. Alfred Hugenberg cannot be ignored. Hugenberg stood in the forefront of most of the disturbances caused by the nationalists—including the hopeless plebiscite on the Young Plan—until Hitler put him in the shade. In Hugenberg's industrial organization, the Deutsche Gewerbehaus A/G, which boasts a capital of 11,000,000 marks, the leading personalities of Germany's heavy industry are duly represented as members of the board of directors. It is obvious that Hugenberg, the politician, would not exactly hit upon political opponents in order to put over his industrial schemes; quite to the contrary, it seems clear that these industrial leaders are working hand in hand with Hugenberg, in the pursuit of political as well of industrial or, for that matter, financial ambitions.

There is little or no reflection of this state of political intrigue and speculation in European press reports on American news. There is no consideration of the fact that crime and bootlegging, the magistrates' courts and political graft are not typical of one nation's character or corruption but that they are the outgrowth of human weakness, as true of Tasmania as of Tammany Hall and as vividly represented in Europe as in the United States. As long as materialism, within the scope of our national life, is considered superior in influence and application to idealism, as long as the law of individuality in business and politics, in ambition and the accumulation of wealth, is the guiding principle on the program of progress, so long will it be tolerated that politics accept the support of dollars and marks and francs and pounds.

This, then, is not written to accuse any nation or organization (or be it the principle involved) but merely intends to show that, from the point of justice and fairness, neither is the European press justified in spreading (in its accustomed and, one might say, prejudiced way) the flavor of American sensations all over its front pages nor would its New World counterpart be any wiser if it attempted to return the compliment in a like currency.

Since neither of them can claim a monopoly on purity of thought or cleanness of action, such antagonism serves no other purpose than to extremize extremes which, in the light of international relations, are of little significance but rather create an atmosphere in which thrive the rarest forms of fantasy, imagination and political hatred.

DIGGIN' IN THE GRAVEYARD

By MAURICE L. AHERN

A WEIRD drama is taking place in the vales of Hollywood. Skeletons emerge from the dim, dusty studio store-rooms and strut and pose and rattle in a *danse macabre,* while snooping microphones record their every rustle. Ghosts from the past glide again before the cameras, modern costumes shrouding their ancient forms. Reincarnation is the order of the day, for the motion-picture companies are diligently reviving successful pictures of other seasons.

A search reveals that up to the first of the present year over one hundred and thirty old silent pictures had been remade into talkies since 1928. More than forty skeletons rattled in each of three years. And one great company in its catalogue for the coming season lists nine revivals out of less than fifty pictures.

It cannot be doubted that such intensive reapplication of energy to the task of putting new clothes on old figures must be caused by very definite factors. Moving-picture magnates are not entirely crazy, although the success of the season's hit, the stage play, "Once in a Lifetime," is based on such an assumption. They have really a lot of brains behind their variegated accents. But like all showmen they are enamored of precedent, and its sinister presence can be discerned hovering in the wings of the picture revival stage. It is a most powerful influence.

Most people think of the stage and screen as original and creative, always striving to lead their devotees into new, unmeasured pastures. To the uninitiates, art measuring its future by its past seems an anomaly. The anomaly and the fact, however, are one. Those who guide the destinies of entertainment are moved first and foremost to consider if the proposed presentation has the good, old, sure-fire elements. If it has a fresh angle on these elements so much the better, but there is little chance for new elements unless safely bolstered by the old hokum sinews.

In the realm of the cinema this ghost of the dead hand of precedent has been called into being by two very live economic factors.

One is costs. There is very considerable saving on story rights by remaking. Three years ago in the first delirium of sound pictures, when folks still predicted that the fad would quickly peter out, the Machi-

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avellian motion-picture producers showed themselves to be much cuter than the innocent pen-pushers, and bought, wholesale, the dialogue rights to every book, play and scenario that they had collected since the days of Edison's first peep-show. The childlike authors thereof, thinking to make hay while the sun shone, didn't haggle much about the price as long as they got the cash. They whooped with joy while gathering in the unexpected gold. Later, when some sort of permanency seemed certain for the talkies, the authors woke up, got together and made the producers pay through the nose for talking-picture rights. As a result, one of the largest items in the cost of a sound picture is the price of the story rights, far greater in proportion than it ever was for a silent picture. Apropos of this situation the producers, resolved not to be caught napping in the future, now include in all contracts the purchase of television rights. One might call this providing for the future with a vengeance, plus.

But even if the Hollywood moguls could overlook the heavy cost of new story rights, they would be no better off. They would still be faced with a far greater problem arising from a tremendous dearth of material, new books, plays and original scenarios, suitable for use as talking pictures. This shortage is now tremendously acute and apparently growing steadily worse. Millions of manuscripts pour in on the producers every year and yet every month the supply of available practicable ideas seems to grow less and less. All kinds of desperate curative measures have been adopted. Perhaps never before in its history has Hollywood harbored so many famous playwrights and authors within its gates. They rack their brains and they rack their brains. They sharpen their pencils again and again, and clean their portable typewriters regularly. They are very assiduous and conscientious about trying to do something new and original, yet the intellectual mountain, although laboring terrifically, can't even come through with so much as an Horatian mouse of a plot. The maw of the talkies consuming seven hundred feature subjects a year is too voracious and insatiable.

Under such conditions, quite obviously not only the smart, but in fact the only, thing left for the producers is to use material ready to hand and which experience has shown them has the ingredients of success—namely, hit subjects of the silent days. Some of these like "East Lynne," "The Spoilers," "The Sea Wolf," "The Connecticut Yankee," "Within the Law" and others were even successfully revived several times in the old days and have nevertheless met with considerable success again as talkies in the last three years. They are classics of the screen, surviving indefinitely, yet their number is so limited that producers have felt constrained to revive many others which had not the same intrinsic merit.

Precedent, cost of story rights and lack of new material: the big three, the prime causes of what might well be termed the orgy of remaking. But what of the effects? How successful are these revivals? That is another question which depends upon a lot of variable factors for its answer.

First and, by long odds, foremost is the age of the revival, that is, the time which has elapsed since its last making. After a certain period, as this grows longer, the revival has the greater chance for success, and experience has established the mythical dead-line at seven years. In other words, if a picture was a hit as a silent more than that number of years ago, it is in a fair way to succeed all over again as a talkie. Seven years for some reason or other seems to be a movie generation. Perhaps this is because there are so many hundreds of pictures offered to audiences every year. The run-of-the-mine movie-goer sees about fifty pictures every twelve months, and so when he comes to his three-hundred-and-fiftieth or thereabouts he is quite likely to forget or at least be somewhat hazy about the particular ones he enjoyed way back when Coolidge was in his first term. Of course, by the same token, this argument practically puts any seven-year-old revival on its own merits again, and it should not strictly speaking be classed as a revival at all but rather as a new venture, were it not for the few grey-bearded fans who are certain to remember having seen it back in Bronco Billy's time.

Going to the other extreme, if a subject is less than four years old from the date of its last showing, it is practically economic suicide to attempt a revival. Folks just won't come back that quick. They want a decent interval in which to forget. Perhaps they resent the implied slur on their memories. In any event, to remake it in less than four years seems to give a picture more the aspect of age than anything else that could be done to it. Between four and seven years it is anybody's guess as to the chance for box-office success. The casting, the lavishness of production and any particular timeliness caused by the news of the day, all may help to put it across.

The actual business of making the revivals is a devious affair. Subterfuge at times comes strongly to the fore. For instance, it has been found that by resorting to a mild form of trickery the chances of making more money are greatly increased. If it is released under an entirely different name the public will regard it as a new picture and, even if it decides that it smells a mouse, may be inclined to take a sporting chance to verify its suspicions. When folks go out shopping at night for a movie in any town that has more than one first-run theatre on its main street, they will first and very laudably try the picture whose title indicates original entertainment. That's plain human nature, always seeking something new. So the revival under its old name will always be second choice, whereas years ago it was first or at least equal in chances to the others. Obviously, therefore, if the name is changed there is a fine upstanding chance to decoy a few extra customers. Business ethics thereby gets a slight kick in the shins, but such a tiny one in

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these days of myriad investment trusts, radio prices quoted less tubes, tabloid advertising and other guileful commercial practices to which the public has become accustomed! Of course no producer in his right senses, and there are a few such left in Hollywood despite Mr. Theodore Dreiser's recent strictures, would dream of changing a title like "The Birth of a Nation," "King of Kings," "A Connecticut Yankee," "The Four Horsemen" and "Over the Hill," which have become identified with pictures that serve as milestones of the industry.

After the momentous decision to change the name of the old-timer has been made, several additional doses of medicine must be administered to obviate any elements of failure. A flock of new sure-fire stars must be supplied or, to use the crude but very expressive vernacular, the picture must be made "It-y," with a capital "I." The production must be modernized in every respect, in dialogue, costumes and settings. Every form of advertising must be handled with a new treatment. In brief, the entire venture must be regarded just as an original production would be, with only the *dei ex machina* knowing the deep, dark secret hidden beneath the lovely modern mask.

The skeletons are madly dancing, although the box-office earnings of most of the revivals to date do not indicate any strength out of the ordinary. Nevertheless, there seems no way to lay the ghosts during the coming season unless the writers of the world come forward with a lot more than they have shown to date. Their failure was the match that touched off the remake blaze. In their hands alone rests the means of quenching it. And let it not be doubted that the happiest people of all would be the producers, should the writing clan succeed in turning out some few original pieces.

The remakes are merely isles of safety in a dangerous game. Some of them are necessary. To revive its classics periodically is a duty of every dramatic form. But there must be something more, something of dreaming and originality, something of striving and chance-taking, something of anticipation and almost clairvoyance. There must be maintained a delicate balance between pioneering and conservatism.

The motion picture, talking and silent, is more susceptible to rapid changes in public taste than any other form of entertainment ever has been. So many people go to see so many movies. They are, in a sense, second only to the daily paper in so far as their use by mankind is concerned. Yet it is so frightfully easy for one to abstain from the movies if one doesn't like them. That is the constant sword of Damocles hanging over the producer's head. It isn't so much a question of what the public likes today but rather what it will like next month. Will the pictures now in work be outmoded before they reach the screen, as so many musical pictures were last spring when the public almost overnight stopped going to see them after being frantically eager for them for more than a year? The movies cannot exist on a fair average of success. If a producer has one hit out of five plays, he congratulates himself on a highly successful year. But in the movies they all have to be hits, or practically all. It costs too much to have more than a tiny percentage of misfires.

The picture producers have to try to guess what the public will go to see next even before the jolly old public itself has begun to think about the matter at all. That's why there are rapidly changing cycles of gangster pictures, musical pictures, sex pictures, revivals and so on ad infinitum, cycles which flash brilliantly and as rapidly die away. Who can chart the path of public taste? Even experience can't beat free will and no harried gladiator ever waited more anxiously to see if the emperor's thumb would turn up or down than does the motion-picture world to see if Mr. and Mrs. Citizen are going to see the current type of picture or just going for a stroll.

With things as they are then, even the cycle of remaking may be permitted its apologist.

An Old Song Remade

As I went down through Dublin city
At the hour of twelve of the night,
Who should I see but a Spanish lady
Washing her feet by candle-light!
    First she washed them,
    Then she dried them
    By a fire of amber coal;
In all my life I never saw
A maid so neat about the sole!

Would she come walking, I asked the lady,
And we went on while the small bats flew,
And then a coach I called for my lady,
And back we went as the grey cock crew!
    Shoes she wore then
    Silver-shining
    Like the fan in her hand;
In all my life I never saw
A maid whose manners were so grand!

But when we came to where I found her,
And set her down from the halted coach,
Who was there waiting, his arms folded,
But that fatal swordsman, Tiger Roach?
    So blades were out,
    And 'twas thrust and cut,
    And never wrist gave me more affright,
Till I went low upon the floor
Where she stood holding the candle-light!

And yet, ye bucks of Dublin city,
If I should see at twelve of the night,
In any chamber such lovely lady
Washing her feet by candle-light,
    And drying soles
    As neat as hers
    By a fire of amber coal—
Your blades be dimmed! I'd whisper her,
And take her for a midnight stroll!

PADRAIC COLUM.

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IVAN TURGENEV

By CATHERINE RADZIWILL

THERE was a time when I thought that my countrymen alone could understand or appreciate the works of Ivan Turgenev. They had appeared to me to be so entirely Russian—and notice that I do not say Slav—that I felt no foreigner could completely realize the genius contained in them. But lately I have come to the conclusion that sooner or later the books of this great writer will take the place they deserve among the masterpieces of literature, and that they will survive, while those of many of his contemporaries, reckoned perhaps more eminent than he, will have been forgotten.

The reasons why a conspiracy of silence, as it were, has surrounded the personality of this gifted author are many and complicated. For one thing, he had two other giants for contemporaries, Dostoievsky and Tolstoy, who both appealed more to the foreign mind than he did, because their writings were more sensational and more understandable. This last was due to the fact that at the time it was popular to be complicated, and to like complicated psychological problems, and parrot-like the majority of people admire those whom the world considers clever. Turgenev was essentially simple in all that he wrote, simple as life, simple as the existences he loved to describe, simple as nature is simple, even during its most tremendous efforts!

He could never have created a character like that of Levine in "Anna Karenina," or Anna herself, or even less heroes like the Brothers Karamazov, or Raskolnikov in "Crime and Punishment." He would never have believed that such people could exist, and in fact he said so more than once. His books were healthy books, which he wanted read by healthy persons, persons whose minds did not wander in the realms of unreality and complicated moral doubts or problems. And yet they exercised over his contemporaries an influence which far surpassed that of Tolstoy or Dostoievsky. He knew how to touch public conscience, how to awaken mankind to the sense of its responsibilities and duties. Without Turgenev years might have passed before the serfs obtained their liberation. His writings moved the heart of every Russian, from that of the czar to the beggar in the street.

The great secret of this power which he wielded was that until he pointed out the evils which stirred him personally so deeply that he felt it an imperative duty to disclose them, no one among the Russian upper classes had given a thought to the possibility that the lower classes were also human beings entitled to have their share of the earth's goods. The idea that peasants might have souls had never crossed the minds of those whose property they were. Turgenev was the first to study the peasant and to analyze and understand his psychology. And what he observed he described in simple words, which left their impress on all those who read them, burning them like a red-hot iron. The dormant instincts of love of one's neighbor and sympathy for the woes of others, were awakened in the minds of the Russian intellectual classes. Once this was done, the response was immediate. Those hearing the message conveyed by Turgenev—from the czar on his throne to the student in his modest room—all understood that God had laid a duty upon them. Alexander II once said, "I have not been able to sleep well since I read the 'Memoirs of a Sportsman.' Is it possible that such people exist, and that such things happen?" They were happening every day, and it is to the honor of Turgenev that alone among his contemporaries he rose up to denounce them.

It is difficult for a foreigner to realize that such simple tales could change, as they did, the entire moral standard of a great nation. It is almost impossible for a person who has not known the Russia of eighty years ago to understand this, and even to those of my generation it is in part incomprehensible. But change it they did, and Turgenev contrived to create in the minds of his contemporaries the conviction that it was their duty to create a new Russia.

No writer in the world has thus moved more profoundly an entire country. His books were not a sermon, they did not even aim to instruct, they simply showed realities—things which were so evil that without exception everybody was aroused to the sudden impulse to change them, the passionate desire to repair them, the firm will to destroy them.

That these books, in spite of their apparent simplicity, contain the divine spark of genius so rare in this world, is evidenced by the fact that they are of as much interest today as when they were written. They are still alive, although the world to which their heroes belong has been destroyed. While it is extremely difficult nowadays to read Dostoievsky, and Tolstoy even in his best pages seems strangely out of date, Turgenev's writings have kept their freshness. Bazarov in "Fathers and Sons," Lavretzky and Lisa in "A Nest of Gentlefolks," Irene and her lover in "Smoke," still live and move among us, and we are still interested in them personally; while Anna Karenina appears to us, what she really was, an imaginary being, invented for the purpose of writing a striking novel. There is nothing striking in Turgenev's books, but one lives them when reading them. They will always interest by their simple gentleness, just as Balzac's do by their fierce descriptions of flesh and blood beings.

Serenity is one of the distinctive features of the entire work of this great writer. He is one of the few who have realized that after all life is serene, despite its trials and crosses and agonies. It is serene like

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nature, and like nature it goes on and on: the leaves fall in autumn, and grow again in spring; although everything dies, yet there is no death; even after all seems destroyed and trampled under foot, life is renewed. No matter how rebellious one may feel at times, resignation is the inevitable conclusion of all earthly things. This is the leitmotif in almost all Turgenev's books; none of them ends violently in an explosion of passion, but all finish softly and quietly, with kindness and pity. Few lines are more beautiful than those which close "Fathers and Sons," when the reader takes leave of the old parents of Bazarov, the rebel, lying cold and stiff in his grave, with flowers growing over it, flowers which tell us "not of eternal peace alone," but also of "eternal reconciliation and of life without end." And hardly less touching is the last look which her former lover takes of Lisa, the nun, walking slowly through the courtyard of the monastery where she has fled, after she had discovered the man she had cherished so tenderly was already married.

All these people accept the inevitable and do not attempt to interest with their psychological problems. They take things simply, just as they think simply, and all that happens to them is accepted like the ordinary routine of their frequently narrow but very good, and often useful, existence. And from the reading of their story, one can form a very true and real image of what life was in the country in pre-war Russia, that Russia which exists no longer. Turgenev's heroes are shown to us as human beings, with their qualities and their faults, their virtues and their sinful mistakes; they live and speak rather than think, there is nothing complicated about them, which perhaps explains better than anything else, why they are so universally understood.

It was this naive simplicity of Turgenev's work which made it such a powerful element in the modernization of the Russia of his day. By it he aroused the interest as well as the conscience of his contemporaries. He faithfully related what he had seen, but without any of those photographic efforts which we find in the novels of his great rival, Tolstoy. His influence is still to be felt among intellectual circles in his country; it has outlived czarism, and survived the horrors of Bolshevism. Russians still turn to him when they want to forget the miseries of their present existence. He tells them that after the darkness of the night, dawn never fails to appear; he tells them to accept, to endure, to hope, and to thank the Creator of all things for the divine gift of forgiveness of the evil done, and gratitude for the good experienced and received. He is a great, honest, kind Russian muzhik, and as such has moved his country to help the muzhiks, and to try to lead them toward the Divine light which never fails those who earnestly look up toward it. He has taught without preaching, simply by pointing with his finger to the many things which he believed it his duty to set right, and he died as he had lived, loving Russia, and this Russian people he had been one of the very few to understand.

UNPREMEDITATED ART

By FRANCES BOARDMAN

MUSIC, to realize fully its implicit dramatic power should be heard either in a traditionally sophisticated milieu, as for instance in the case of Italian opera at La Scala; or in an unexpected manner, in an unexpected place, as happened on a visit I once made to a starving little town on the Minnesota Iron Range.

The place was reached by bus travel over long stretches of lonely, cut-over, burnt-over country, the dirt of the roads and the water of the lakes stained deeply with the red of iron ore. The town itself was as unhappy looking as its setting. Even during the mining boom it had been one of the lesser Range centers; when the boom receded it left a settlement of some fifteen hundred citizens stranded in enforced idleness and far away from help. The director of the high school orchestra—the reputation of which supplied the motive for my journey—told me things were so bad that fully half of the forty-odd children under his baton were insufficiently fed.

But how they played! I have listened to innumerable juvenile orchestras, and have never heard one comparable to that in fire and insight. The youngsters, missing most of the benefits that more fortunate children take for granted, poured into the music all they possessed of imagination, soul and energy, filling it to overflowing with everything that their hungry little lives wanted and couldn't have. It was remarkably interesting, too, to see how they achieved definite distinction of style by the perfectly logical process of expressing spontaneously a spontaneous warmth of feeling.

Never, while I live, shall I forget the almost intolerable poignancy with which they invested the familiar "Serenade" from Drigo's "Millions d'Harlequin." They gave it a significance which, I am sure, has never been duplicated even by really accomplished executants; under their fingers it bloomed with an exotic luxuriance unimaginably alien to the desolate world about them, and the well-worn melody remains with me as a haunting symbol of some strange resurrection almost fiercely triumphant over soul-killing forces.

One is embarrassingly aware of the meretricious associations that have fastened themselves to the laughing-through-tears and clown-with-the-breaking-heart idea, thanks to the more squalid film and popular-song interests. Nevertheless, annoying as it is to admit it, there are legitimate implications back of even so soppy a bit of banality as "Dancing with Tears in My Eyes." For it is perennially interesting to observe how music avowedly inspired (and I mean inspired, not manufactured) by the frivolities and festivities of life has in it a capacity for reaching the very quick of sensibility, and revealing in an instant the terrible aching wistfulness that underlies the search for happiness.

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I am not speaking of the sort which is deliberately written to evoke the darker emotions. The "Valse Triste," with its calculated melancholy, and that harrowing song by Arensky in which the lover, beholding the corpse of his beloved, re-creates their last waltz together—these are types that frankly invite the luxury of vicarious grief, and belong in another category. I cannot even include the "Liebestod," which, by the very impact of its dramatically gathered momentum, generally succeeds in a complete breaking down of the listener's defenses. Just as "Boris Godunoff" may literally shatter the nerves until resistance is out of the question. Even the wistful Chopin waltzes, with their hypothetical dancers so light of foot and so sorrowful of eye—even these are too consciously expressive of conscious unhappiness.

The kind of music I mean is the kind which surprises the hearer into tears which would have been, probably, quite as much of a surprise to the composer. The naive Franz Schubert never dreamed that such songs as "An die Musik" and "Frühlingsglaube" were destined to make generations of men and women wince with pain under the unerring probe of intuitive sympathy. For me, Tschaikowsky's "Nutcracker Suite" is infinitely sadder than the impressively staged sorrows of the "Pathetique." And I remember once talking with Bruno Walter just after he had finished a rehearsal of "Tales from the Vienna Woods." Both of us were mopping our eyes. "Yes," he said, "if you understand these waltzes they break your heart."

All of these experiences I have known, I am thankful to remember, and innumerable others that go into the pattern of a musically sensitized existence. But, fantastic as it seems to say such a thing, not one has seared itself into the very texture of my soul like the memory of that "Serenade," issuing, as part of their day's work, from the hands of forty-five poverty-stricken children in a forsaken land.

Katharine Tynan Hinkson: R.I.P.

(Written in November, 1924)

She spreads her soft maternal wings
Over all little piteous things,
And the long, melancholy day
With her sweet laughter is made gay.

She wears her high mysterious faith
As lightly as the summer's breath,
For fear the scornful passer sees
How deep are her fidelities.

And she is kin to wave and wind,
To beast and bird of every kind,
To her dear Nature's heart is one
With Thine, O God the Eternal Son!

So when one day, serene, elate,
She comes and knocks at heaven's gate
How wilt Thou joy to have her there,
Thy lover true and debonair!

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY.

FERVIDUS AND TEPIDUS

By HENRY FRANK

THE PURPLE twilight already had begun to steal among the trees and grasses. Objects, a moment before resplendent with a hundred shades of red and gold from the setting sun, were seen as through a glass covered with mist. Fervidus and his constant companion, Brother Tepidus, walked slowly and meditatively along the path beneath the whispering leaves.

Seven rounds they had made, from the twisted old oak to the wrought-iron gate, and no word had been said between them. It was the time of day when silence is mandatory and even the loquacious curb their tongues and permit the sky to be eloquent.

Three stars had appeared. They first broke the silence with their bright chatter when Brother Tepidus spoke. His speech was peremptory and came as words often do after a period of quiet—as though the mind, suddenly awakened from a sleep, speaks the thought that it had at its last waking moment.

"I think that Francesco is a fool," he said.

Fervidus spoke not, though he had heard. The acrid statement of Brother Tepidus had called forth other thoughts, yet related. He mused upon them but kept his calm. The word "fool" had been a pin-point to prick a vein in his mind, bringing a stream of images trickling across his vision.

Brother Tepidus repeated insistently, "Francesco is a fool."

Fervidus still did not answer. The stream had grown but he allowed it to flow unrestrained. Now he had grasped that for which he had been searching, a subtle poison in the stream. His companion did not proffer another repetition of his scathing statement, for the thoughts of Fervidus had silenced him. He waited for the answer he knew would come.

They had reached the place on the path where it passed a great boulder, moss-covered at its base but sleek and shining on top from the polishings that wind and rain and the clothes of moody men had given it. Here they had often sat meditating on the hidden mysteries of the universe, or watching the stars and the pallid moon through the rents in the leafy roof above, or the sunbeams playing on the tree trunks, or the devious course of a worm. They loved its friendly coolness. It was like the smooth brow of a thinker. Already the dew of night had settled on its surface.

At last Fervidus opened his lips and spoke softly, very softly, and his voice was gentle and sweet and filled with the sound of wisdom. He spoke slowly, too, as all wise men speak who are plucking the words from the depths of the heart after long thought, and when they are confessing.

"I once thought him a fool, too," he murmered. There was a note of sadness in his voice, like the sound the wind makes when it passes over the tops of pines. "And I despised him and at times felt sorrow for him because he was a fool: for when one is convinced that one is wise, nothing irks one so much as rubbing elbows with a fool. I avoided meeting him or talking to him as one avoids and disdains giving ear to vulgar music or eye to frivolous verse. When he spoke, even the words of Plato or the teachings of the Master sounded presumptuous coming from his lips."

He hesitated for the space of ten paces as one does before answering a friend who has asked for one's frank opinion of him. Then he went on but more softly and slowly: "And then, one evening when I was sitting on that stone by the turn in this path—it was dark like this and I was listening to the sleepy complaints of a bird in a branch overhead—Francesco and another came walking by, and as he passed I heard him say, 'Yes, Fervidus is a fool.'"

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With these words Fervidus ceased. They walked up and down the path in silence. The moon, a disk of white molten metal, was rising in the east. A breeze played among the leaves.

When the moon had risen higher over the hills, Brother Tepidus tried another vein. "What a delicious thing is hate!" he murmered quite casually.

Fervidus closed his eyes so that in the darkness he strayed from the path. Would Brother Tepidus never be silent? Was it possible that even the purity of the moon and the glamor of the stars could not stay his speech? Again, figures of the past rushed into the light of the present. He would have thrust them back but somehow they persisted. He decided that Brother Tepidus must hear the story, the old story, again.

"I hated a man once," he began in his quiet, gentle voice. "I hated him with all my heart. I hated the way he held his head, his habit of closing his eyes while at prayer, the queer manner he had of wrinkling up his forehead in meditation, and his high-pitched voice which I likened to the shrieking of a wagon axle without grease or the shrill noise made by a rusty windmill changing its position in the wind. I hated the way he folded his fat, pudgy hands, and even the way he blessed himself. As I knelt behind him in chapel, I sought to stare a hole through the base of his skull to determine, if I could, what lay beyond, what thoughts occupied his mind, and what were his meditations. I wondered what he knew about God, what he thought of the saints; but the fat wrinkles on his neck caused by his twisting his head on the side to create a more pious aspect to his prayer, as I thought, told me nothing of the spiritual images within. The pallor of his face repulsed me. The thin lips barely moving when he prayed often held my gaze. Everything about him held me fascinated, not because he was unusual but because I hated him, I knew not why. I waxed angry and was tempted to shout at him to be quiet. And all this time I watched him and despised him and his whining voice, I should have been thinking of God and His love and my sins."

Fervidus paused again in his speech. The rest of the world seemed silent for there was no sound except the crunch of the pebbles beneath the feet. The moon had slipped behind a cloud.

"But one day I fell ill and approached very near to the gate of death. My life was despaired of, my senses were anointed, and I awaited the end. Any moment might see my breast cease its spasmodic rise and fall, my limbs relax, the faint color leave my cheeks, and my eyes become dim. Any moment might find me before the judgment seat, my soul naked before the piercing gaze of its Creator. Then, to my ears, slowly growing more dull each instant, there came the sound of a voice praying—a high-pitched voice, shrill and unlovely as the voice of the swan. It came to me as on the breath of a spring breeze, seemingly from nowhere; but I knew that its owner knelt before the tabernacle with head bent, pudgy hands folded and weak chin thrust forward at a pious angle. Why it came to me or exactly how it came, I cannot say, but I heard every word distinctly: and underneath the unpleasantness there was the tender, serious note of pleading. The voice said, 'Oh, God, grant him, my friend, life. Take him not in the flower of his youth from our midst, but fill his body with life and vigor that he may do Thy work and be an aid to us. Amen.' And immediately I felt my pulse quicken and the blood hasten through my veins. My soul was snatched from the lip of hell."

A bell sounded nearby, shivering the darkness with its call and hushing the crickets that were growing busy with their shrill, noisy tasks in the weeds. Brother Tepidus and his friend turned at once without a word more and passed slowly and meditatively through the night.

COMMUNICATIONS

THE CATHOLIC BIRTH RATE

New Rochelle, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Congratulations on your publishing the splendid article by Father Ross on "The Catholic Birth Rate" in the June 10 issue. It is high time that whole subject was brought out in the open. In 1920 Archbishop Canevin was the author of a small but interesting pamphlet on this subject, in which he stated that the Church was not losing hundreds of thousands a year as would appear from "Official Directory" figures; but on the contrary had an actual gain by converts over losses during the average year, even if that gain be a small one. The reasons why the figures were not accurate were as follows: First, nominal Catholics were not listed though these would not leave the Church and were as Catholic as many in foreign countries who were counted part of the Church. Second, perhaps half of our six million foreign-born Catholics, and in addition many of their children, would not be counted in a parish census. Third, large numbers of migratory workers in the West and Southwest (chiefly Mexican) would not be counted. Fourth, because of per capita tax in different dioceses, many pastors report parish population smaller than it is in fact.

I have checked up on this fourth fact, and find it is true to an even greater degree than many realize. Here are a few examples. One parish reports 2,800. The number attending Mass there averages over 4,000. Another reports 3,000. It does not count some 10,000 Italians within its boundaries who are not served by any Italian church. A small factory-town church does not in its report include many foreigners living in the parish. These examples are from different dioceses. The practice, I think, is a very unwise one. It makes us appear as a dying rather than growing church. People will not consider claims of a church which appears to be disappearing. Thus we are kept from gaining many converts. Our enemies discovered this some five years ago, and have not been slow to use it against us.

I hope you will somehow stir these people up to realize how much harm is being caused the Church by these methods. For instance, on an eight-grade elementary school basis, the number of Catholics of school age must be about 5,500,000; a little over 2,000,000 are in Church schools; yet many of our papers go on boasting that more than 50 percent of our children are in Catholic schools.

Archbishop Canevin stated that the Catholic population of the forty-eight states in 1920 was about 22,700,000 actually. Using those figures, I believe our population today is about 28,000,000 or 23 percent of the total population. Father Ross figures an annual excess of births over deaths of about 407,000. Now on a ten-year basis that would mean around 4,000,000, or one-seventh of 28,000,000—slightly under a 15 percent increase. This is still about twice as high as the national increase, but some 40 percent under the Catholic average natural increase of twenty years ago on the ten-year basis. Much of this is due, however, to the high birth rate of the last generation. A comparison of births in 1926 and 1931 directories will show a considerable decrease in births, despite increase in Catholic population. Even the present rate is largely due to the number of women of child-bearing age (children of the last generation).

The United States birth rate in 1929 was 18.9 per one thousand. In the following states, where Catholics comprise 25 percent or more of the population, it was lower except among Mexicans in New Mexico and Arizona, and the French of

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Louisiana. These are the only races that seem to have large families in the second and third generations.

State	1929 General Rate per 1,000	Approximate Catholic Percentage of Total Population
Massachusetts	17.5	44
Rhode Island	18.0	48
Connecticut	17.2	40
New York	17.4	33
New Jersey	17.2	30
Illinois	17.1	29
New Hampshire	17.6	33
Louisiana (French)	20.3	35
Arizona (Mexican)	22.4	25
New Mexico (Mexican)	26.9	42

In Maine, where there are a very large number of French Canadians, the rates are 19.9 and 23 percent. The children and grandchildren of Catholic immigrants in general do not seem to have a higher number of births than the average American family. Also they seem to have a higher proportion of persons that remain single than the general population.

For some ten years I have been studying this problem. I have found that the average American-born Catholic family nowadays, in all classes, averages two or three children. This is just as true of those of Italian or Polish descent as of those of Irish or German extraction. The Mexican and French-Canadian groups seem to be the only ones having large families after the first generation. This is not due to birth control, but to late marriages and the practice of avoiding sexual relations during certain periods. Seventeen Catholic families in a certain New England city had twenty children. Nineteen in another city had thirty children. Fifteen married men in an organization of Catholics to which I belong have twenty-two children. When you add to these the large number of our people who do not marry at all, it is time we got busy on our own household instead of feeling sorrow for the vanishing Yankee!

DUDLEY P. GILBERT.

RUFUS KING IN ROME

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: THE COMMONWEAL asks a pertinent question in an editorial of July 29. In connection with Mr. David Rankin Barber's recent articles in the Washington *Post* on Rufus King in Rome, the innocent query is thrown out: "Just why, we wonder, has no American Catholic historian taken this deposit of documents for his happy hunting ground?"

THE COMMONWEAL simply cannot be that innocent! The deposit of documents consists of diplomatic correspondence of extraordinary interest, accumulated during the twenty years from 1848 to 1868, when the United States maintained a legation at Rome accredited to the Vatican. In addition, there is a larger and equally interesting bulk of consular documents extending over a longer period. For nearly thirty years I have tried to interest Catholics in their existence and in the desirability of their publication, generally with the answer: "Better not; it is not good to attract too much attention."

From time to time members of the American Catholic Historical Society have dipped into these documents for picturesque incidents.

During the late presidential campaign there was so much said concerning Catholics that had all been said before, and answered for Catholics by Presidents and Secretaries of State, that I thought it opportune to publish a series of articles from

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these archives. Catholic papers in the East were not interested. They were, however, published in Western papers.

The historical division of the State Department considered the publication of the full correspondence so important that I was authorized to make complete transcripts, which I had done at considerable expense, and turned them over to a religious community for publication, as a possible aid to their income, as well as a valuable contribution to American history.

They have since found their way into the hands of the Catholic Historical Society, and there they are today, so far as I know.

I confess that I have lost interest in further attempts to get Catholics in America to interest themselves in Catholic history or in American history.

Catholic papers occasionally ask mild innocent questions like this one, but I have not yet found one that will answer its own question fearlessly.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

HOSPITALS AND QUESTIONNAIRES

Portland, Ore.

TO the Editor: In an editorial on July 22, you observe that "the value of the questionnaire system of arriving at approximations of truth or fact would (if challenged) be demonstrated to be very uncertain." *Observatis observandis* this test might be applied to the questionnaire which occasioned your fine editorial in the same issue, on "Catholic Hospitals." If the questionnaire proves anything it proves that a very large percentage of Catholics are receiving hospital care in non-Catholic hospitals. Catholic hospitals have beds for "everyone of its membership who is sick and an additional 6 percent of the total non-Catholic population of the United States." But "51 percent of the patients in Catholic hospitals in 1930 were non-Catholics." Therefore between 40 and 50 percent of Catholic patients were in non-Catholic hospitals.

The questionnaire calls attention to the numbers of non-Catholics who join the Church as a result of the influence of Catholic hospitals, but gives no figures as to the spiritual results from non-Catholic hospitals. The influence for good of Catholic hospitals cannot be overstressed, but, considering the figures, one may question if that influence under present conditions is reaching those who might be thought to have prior claims to service.

Perhaps nothing can be done about it except to hope and pray for more and even better Catholic hospitals; more religious dedicating their precious lives to the cause; more charity and less standardization; more endowments and less fees; and last but not least, more and better doctors interested in Catholic ethics and practices.

WILLIAM ALLEN.

CANADA AND THE LIQUOR PROBLEM

Ferguson, Mo.

TO the Editor: I am puzzled at what seems a difference of facts as stated officially by the Canadian Minister of Trade and Commerce and as presented by Mr. O'Leary in the issue of THE COMMONWEAL of July 1. Mr. O'Leary remarks on page 239 that "there has been a decline in convictions for drunkenness" in Canada, and on page 240 that "under government control [of liquor] there has been a steady decline in the number of persons convicted of indictable offenses." Now, I checked these statements with the information published in the "Canada Year Book, 1930," which is the official statistical annual issued by authority of the Honorable James Malcolm, M.P., Minister of Trade and Commerce; it is printed by F. A. Acland in Ottawa. On page 1,000, under "Subsection 3," the minister remarks: "Particularly notable is the increase of conviction for offenses against liquor, prohibition and temperance acts from 11,636 in 1925 to 15,263 in 1928." On page 1,002 there is a statistical table of convictions for drunkenness. An inspection of this reveals that these convictions were 60,067 in 1914, sank rapidly during prohibition to 21,026 in 1918, and have increased steadily since government control was adopted:

1923	25,565
1924	27,338
1925	26,751
1926	28,317
1927	31,171
1928	33,224

The figures for criminal offenses as given by the Minister of Trade and Commerce also do not seem to support Mr. O'Leary's optimism. On page 993 of the "Year Book" there is a table of convictions for criminal offenses in proportion to population from 1876 to 1929. These convictions have increased steadily since the repeal of prohibition. Notice:

Year	*Total criminal offenses per 100,000 population*	*Total minor offenses per 100,000 population*
1923	266	1,487
1924	277	1,535
1925	289	1,610
1926	287	1,803
1927	304	2,009
1928	332	2,517

Furthermore, and significantly, convictions for breaches of the traffic regulations rose from 78,027 in 1926 to 141,493 in 1928 (page 1,003). And on page 1,005 we read of a steady rise, under government control of liquor, of juvenile delinquents convicted of major offenses. Here are the facts:

1922	4,065
1923	4,165
1924	4,665
1925	4,980
1926	5,090
1927	5,156
1928	5,063

For the benefit of dry Roman Catholics, of whom there is a considerable number, I should appreciate Mr. O'Leary's comment on these statements.

EUGENE A. HECKER.

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON

San Francisco, Cal.

TO the Editor: The writer would like to call to the attention of the admirers of the works of the late Katharine Tynan Hinkson that in addition to the appreciations which have already appeared in *America* and THE COMMONWEAL, they will find another very fine one in the June issue of the *Bookman,* by C. E. Maguire, "Incense and Breath of Spice."

M. HERRYMAN.

The Commonweal requests its subscribers to communicate any changes of address two weeks in advance, to ensure the receipt of all issues.

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BOOKS

Fun in the Family

Father Malachy's Miracle, by Bruce Marshall. New York: Doubleday Doran and Company. $2.50.

ON A TYPICALLY Scotch morning in November, a nice old religious, Father Malachy Murdoch, O.S.B., gets into a third-class compartment waiting in Queen Street Station, Glasgow, and is transported by natural means to the neighborhood of St. Margaret's Church, Edinburgh, where he is to instruct a couple of larrykin curates out of Maynooth in the art of entering the sanctuary as if it were something else than the grandstand at a football match. A week or so later, Father Malachy Murdoch, after invoking his Lord, his Lord's Blessed Mother, Michael the Archangel, and all the saints, transports an unsavory dance hall opposite the church to the center of Bass Rock in the Firth of Forth. This, in brief, is the plot of a story written by a young Scotch novelist, which appears to have been greatly savored of late, and pretty well fathomed by everyone reading it save some reviewers for our great journals of opinion. One or two of the latter write of this novel like the types most keenly satirized in its pages.

"Father Malachy's Miracle" is not a great book, or even one that is almost great. But it is an authentically Catholic book, literally steeped and bathed in honest supernaturalism. It is also a work of art, which cannot be said for every authentically Catholic book. And it is as wise, as witty, as tender and, on occasions, as merciless a volume as has appeared in many a long day.

There is a rare type of Catholic writer whose forte is to poke fun at the follies and shortcomings peculiar to those of his own household of faith. Huysmans inaugurated that sort of thing in our time; other examples are his arch-enemy and compatriot, Léon Bloy, and the late Frederick Rolfe during the English nineties. These men were witty and savage and devastating, but the golden gift of humor was unknown to them. Mr. Marshall is a humorist, and his peculiar sort of humor, as distinguished from satire, might be defined as a quality akin to the Christianity which hates the sin, but does not hate the sinner. Consequently the "bad" priest does not appear to exist for Mr. Marshall, any more than he did for Renan, even after the great sceptic had left the Church. There are several portraits of priests in the novel, and one of them, that of the Right Reverend Robert Gillespie, Lord Bishop of Edinburgh, is rather gorgeously funny, but they are all lovable.

Mr. Marshall reserves his hatred, if he has any, for that type of intellectual welsher whose most shrieking characteristic is his (and often her) incurable pretentiousness. Well up in the front of these are captains of big business, headmasters of private schools, hearty young rectors being brisk and virile at church doors, liberal Anglican deans broadcasting over the radio, and ladies of a certain age who are fond of alluding to themselves as "frightfully pagan." Such prophets and priestesses of our civilization are strongly counseled not to read "Father Malachy's Miracle."

When Father Malachy enacts his miracle to convert bonny Scotland to the Catholic faith, the world, and especially bonny Scotland, gasp for a moment, but recovering themselves, sturdily refuse to believe. As Father Neary puts it: "Miracles are intoirely out of fashion and if one were to take place in the bishop's bedroom, the right reverend ould gint would be after hushing the indaicency up." To be sure the bishop does not justify Father Neary's Celtic pessimism, but his first remark

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to the miracle-worker is: "Here's a pretty kettle of fish!" Later, an investigating Italian prelate reports that Rome is not pleased, and reminds everyone that the Immaculate Conception had to wait eighteen hundred years before being defined *de fide*. And if Rome is not pleased the secular and intellectual world is seriously put out. The whole case against Father Malachy and his miracle, and incidentally his faith, is put once for all by the devout old Scotch lady who says: "Thae Catholics is wrang, and even if they prove they're right they're wrang."

It is this sort of satire, so subtle, so unerring, which has caused certain of our master minds in contemporary criticism to consider this novel as a take-off on believers rather than on non-believers. Such a misunderstanding is too bad, because the book is addressed to the latter rather than to the former who will, or who should, understand its implications perfectly well.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

King of the Easy Chair

Mr. Miller of "The Times," by F. Fraser Bond. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00.

THE CHANGE in newspapers from 1872, when the late Charles Ransom Miller first took up his pen for the Springfield *Republican*, to 1921, when as editor-in-chief of the New York *Times* he laid it down for the last time, was not less than portentous. And through all that time the great editor not only adapted himself to the constantly altering conditions but did much through his personal genius to restrain and guide them into wholesome paths.

Mr. Bond, who has given us this illuminating and charmingly told tale of one of the leaders of his craft, has pointed out that the chief change has been from the one-man organ which influenced popular opinion, not so much as a mere purveyor of news as through the comment of the editor, to the huge, impersonal organ of today, the efficiency of which is measured by its corporate success in gathering and displaying information of the world's doings.

Today, with the gradual transformation of the paper with a personality into a mere member of a group owned by a syndicate the single aim of which is profit, the demand for men of the Charles R. Miller type is waning. Yet the great paper with the development of which his genius had so much to do, is still preserving its personality.

As an editor Charles R. Miller's greatness is acknowledged and the man himself held an extraordinary appeal to other men. His youth, a little wayward intellectually, sobered down to a sort of sublimated sobriety. One gathers from Mr. Bond's vivid picture that it was only through his innate sense of humor that he escaped being something of a martinet. His humor, however, was full-toned and purposeful. Or it approached pure nonsense when he chose. From his versatile pen came the following familiar quotation:

> "The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,
> A little too hot for whisky straight, a little too cool for beer."

That its authorship is not more generally known gives point to the tradition of anonymity which has for so long ruled in the realm of the editorial and under which Mr. Miller always wrote. We do not associate the great influence of the *Times* with him as fully as we should, but this failure of justice should be partly remedied by the present work of Mr. Bond.

R. BURNHAM CLINTON.

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The Bibulous Duke

The Flame on Ethirdova, by Hector Bolitho. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.00.

MR. BOLITHO gives us another welcome respite from the dismal diet of most modern fiction by utilizing the rich background of the mediaeval time and weaving this altogether charming and rather sorrowful tale of the founding and the fall of the monastery of Ethirdova. When John, the simple servant boy, whose faith is greater than his wisdom, dies on the mountain of Ethirdova in a moving and surpassing act of devotion, a sacred flame burns there, says the legend, under whose aegis a monastery is built only to fall on evil days, to be visited with God's vengeance, and at last to be redeemed by a martyr.

Abbots, monks, dukes, knights, soldiers, bandits and beggars move through the pages to live again in all the chiaroscuro of those gross feudal days. The bibulous Duke of Ethirdova, who belched his life vulgarly if heartily away, and the simple magnificence of his servant, John; Father Philip, who took long to strip the wordly trappings from the treasure chest of his faith, and Brother Hubertus, that most admirable man and saint, who by the austere sweetness of his sacrifice brought the love of God back to his people and rekindled the sacred flame on Ethirdova; the spiritual nullity of the rich and the material squalor of the poor; the loud tumult and the quiet prayer—all the gorgeous contrasts and extremes of the middle ages are here painted by the author with a delicate simplicity of style.

The quality in Mr. Bolitho's book lies in the grace of his objective art in narration and in the manner with which he recaptures the deep and colorful tones of life in the vanished epoch, when poor men who wandered from God made the same mistakes as they do today. Marvels and miracles abound in the book and the author recounts them as quite the expected events of every day—a delightful feature. Withal the story remains sane and credible. It is well worth reading.

T. FRANCIS HEALY.

Augustinian Theology

The Idea of God in the Philosophy of Saint Augustine, by William Pearson Tolley. New York: Richard R. Smith, Incorporated. $2.00.

WILLIAM PEARSON TOLLEY gives us an excellent study of the problem of God in the philosophy of Saint Augustine. His work is based upon personal research and investigation of the text of Saint Augustine's works from which he quotes copiously. Where quotation would be either superfluous or needlessly profuse, he never fails to give accurate references to support his interpretation of the doctrine discussed.

Emphasis is laid on the earliest writings of Saint Augustine—the "Cassiciacum Dialogues"—which, the author thinks, have been too frequently ignored in the study of Augustine's thought. The idea of God in these early works is compared with the idea of God as revealed in the later writings of the African Doctor. This comparison serves to confirm the fact, noted by Gilson and Boyer, that in the essential theses of his philosophy, Saint Augustine did not pass through the stages of a gradual evolution from the time of his conversion onward. From that date, he appears to have had a settled, clear and consistent grasp of the *idées maîtresses* of his mature reflection.

Tolley's book is not epoch-making but it is a good work, seriously undertaken, logically planned and intelligently executed.

GERALD B. PHELAN.

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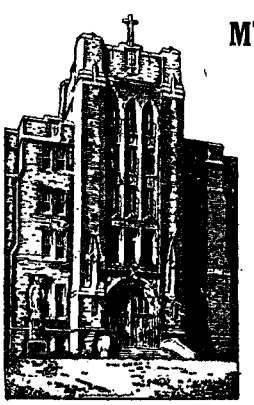

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Briefer Mention

Folk-songs of the Four Seasons; text and translations by Susanna Myers; harmonization by Harvey Officer. New York: George Schirmer. $1.75.

HERE are presented thirty-three folk-songs chosen from some twenty peoples of Europe, Asia and North America, which are combined with the various seasonal folk-ways. The preface states that sixteen of these have been translated for the first time while others have been retranslated. Each song or group of songs is preceded by a lengthy explanation showing the unity of the number and the background of folk customs. The material contains an abundance of information that will interest the imaginative child as well as the adult. The musical accompaniments, although of a simple nature, are adequate and appropriate. One notes the lack of expression marks as well as regrettable blemishes in the harmony. Many of the melodies are of a wide range, while others are pitched too low for the younger children who would delight in singing them.

The Latin Authors (Cicero's Orations), by E. Sommer and John A. Fitzgerald. Ilion, N. Y.: Continental Press.

HERE is an excellent double translation of Cicero's Orations, intended for the convenience and one might say delectation of teachers—one translation literal and juxtalinear, presenting the English phrase by phrase opposite the corresponding Latin phrase, and the other a correct free translation preceded by the Latin text. Eight orations are here: the First, Second, Third and Fourth Orations against Catiline; the Oratio Pro Archia, Pro Marcello and Pro Lege Manilia: and the Oration against Verres, chapter 52, paragraph 123, to chapter 60, paragraph 143. The translations are the finest of their kind so far, and set a standard which should obviate any inexactitudes or hit-and-miss methods in interpreting these masterpieces of eloquence.

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